

MUMBLES #6

Stories by
John Eberly

Illustrated by
Bob "X"

The Pizz

James Waltman

Mary Fleener

Margot

George Velez


Yes, it's been four years since the last MUMBLES appeared. And that was the MUMBLES READER, mostly stories. It's been five years since MUMBLES #4 came out, the last anthology of mainly comics. Now here is MUMBLES #6, a cross between the READER and the first four MUMBLES numbers, all stories by John E, illustrated by six different artists.

In 1983 I sent Steve Willis a long, rambling story about experiences in the Great Northwest titled THE GREAT AMERICAN PIPE DREAM. Steve suggested I send the story to Bob "X", then just getting XEX GRAPHIX off the ground with his buddy XNO. Bob liked the story and agreed to illustrate part of it titled SNAKE PARANOIA IN THE LAND OF OZ. It became a joint XEX/MUMBLES mini-comik published the following year. About the same time I'd become friendly with The Pizz, who was breaking on the scene with his great REVERAND BLOOD and CHRIST ON A CRUTCH comix. He agreed to illustrate a story titled FIRE AND SMOKE, which became the first (and last) CROSS COUNTRY COMIX PUB. James Waltman was next, illustrating a story I wrote as a take-off on Poe's TELL TALE HEART titled YOU SMELL LIKE BLOOD. This was printed on blood-red paper, digest-size, and published by MUMBLES PUBLICATIONS. Margot did a fine job interpreting MODUS OPERANDI in 1986, this one published for the first time in these pages. Mary Fleener drew the panels for THEY WERE IN LOVE, which first came out as her first LIES THEY TELL comik, then it later appeared in SNARF #10. Her treatment of LOADED makes it's debut here. George Velez illustrated THE BLOOD BATH, first published in THRESHOLD OF REALITY in 1987. Thanks to all these fine artists, those who are still in contact, and also those I've lost track of over the years. You see what I mean.

John Eberly 3/89

NAKE PARANOIA

IN THE LAND OF OZ ...

STORY BY: JOHNE.
ART & LAYOUT BY: BOB "X" 
XEX GRAPHIX — MUMBLES.

JOHNE · MUMBLES · BOB "X" · XEX



BOBX

WE'ED BEEN UP FOUR DAYS...



BURNIN', CHURNIN' DOWN...

WE ARRIVED AROUND 4

HE WAS IN NO



WE WENT RITE TO BRENT'S

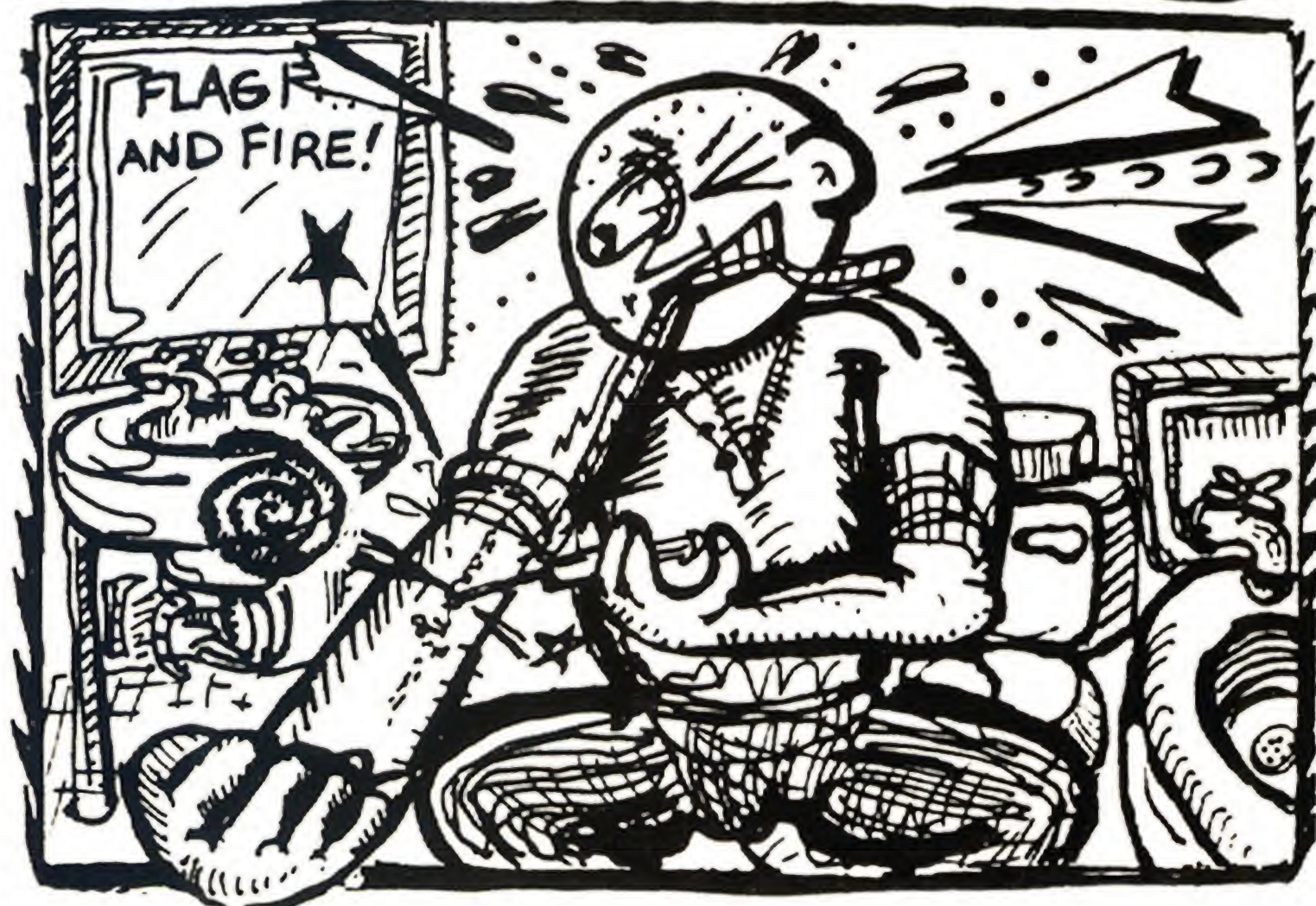
SHAPE TO TALK

WE SCORED AND SPLIT TO B.J.S



HE GREETED US IN KARATE ATTIRE

THE BATHROOM!



THE RUSH HIT LIKE A FRIEHT TRAIN.!!



AS I STOOD UP

I CAME OUT OF THE BATHROOM AND ALMOST



I WAS A NEW MAN...
I FELT NORMAL AGAIN...
WARM... GOOD...

BUMPED INTO A FAT GIRL
WITH BUCK TEETH!

SHE HAD A MOUSE



TO FEED TO HIS PET SNAKE



AS THE CROWD WATCHED, THE SNAKE DEVOUR THE RODENT, I REALIZED, I...



I HAD COME 2500 MILES TO SEE A BOA CONSTRUCTOR EAT A VERY FREAKED-OUT MOUSE. MY MIND REELED WITH VISIONS OF ELECTRIC BLUE-NEON-SNAKES!!



ROSEY ROONEY FELL INTO A



WATER MOUSE NEST AT
THE SPILL-WAY!!

GRANNY IN OKLAHOMA KILLS 'EM



WITH A HOE

CUB SCOUT
LEADER GETS
BIT BY GARTER
SNAKE

TIM MCKLOSKEY
WOKE UP WITH A

GREEN PYTHON IN HIS
SLEEPING BAG WHILE IN
THE PHILIPPINES



AGE: 12

KANSAS CIRCUS
MASTER
JIM BULL
HAD A BOA
HE KEPT
BEHIND THE
STOVE ALL
WINTER. IN
THE SPRING
AND SUMMER
SMALL DOGS
AND CHILDREN
WERE KNOWN
TO DISAPPEAR.

CORNELL WILDE
ATE RAW ASP



IN THE FILM
"NAKED PREY"

JIM FRANCIS
SHOWS HOW TO
FEED A RATTLE
SNAKE AN
EGG AND
ALMOST HIS
FINGERS.



NEXT THING I KNEW...

AFTER 2 HOURS OF JUNKY SWEAT, I SLID INTO SLEEP WEARING ONE SILENT EYE.



I WAS IN CHERI'S BED.



NOW.. I'M TALKING TO A MAN WITH A SLIGHT BEARD.

I'VE ONLY BEEN ON THIS.... PLANET FOR... A SHORT.. TIME...



HE VIBRATES



SPINS

WE BEAM DOWN TO A VALLEY...



TO BECOME

CAPTAIN KIRK

WARD 3 SULU.

ONCE IN THE BURNT ORANGE VALLEY WE FIND:



IT BLOCKS OUR WAY,
SPINS AND CHANGES



THE SCENE SHIFTS
I'M IN CHERL'S BED

SHE'S SMILIN' EVIL



A SNAKE OF 400 FT OR MORE!

COPPER HEADS!
COPPER HEADS!
ARE EVERYWHERE



I FEEL SICK.
RUN TO THE

SHOOT X
SOME
MORE
DOPE



COME OUT OF
THE BATHROOM

BATH ROOM

ALL OVER CHERL!!



OMY GOD! SHE'S ONE TOO

I WAKE UP!
AGAIN!



AM I IN KANSAS?
IS THIS REAL? MOM
AND POP SURE LOOK
WORRIED I'VE HAD
A FEVER? ... NOW....
MOM BRINGS ME MY PET SNAKE.....

FOLLOW THE NUMBERS ON THE PANELS FOR STORY SEQUENCE....

504

I WAS TRYING TO QUIT SMOKING
BUT I HADN'T HACKED IT YET



SO I'M WALKING DOWN TO THE
CORNER FOR A PACKA SMOKES
WHEN I SEE HER...



SHE WAS BLACK WITH A RED SORTA
SATIN DRESS ON, LIKE POLYRED INTO IT.



THE STORE WAS CLOSED
SO I SKIPPED THE CIGS
AND TAILED HER HIPS UP
THE STREET...

SHE STEPPED INTO AN OL' APARTMENT
BUILDING A MOMENT LATER I WAS IN THE
SEEDY LOBBY.

2

I HIT HER ONCE -
THAT'S ALL IT TOOK

THEN RIPPED OFF HER FLIMSY
OUTFIT, STUFFED THE PANTYHOSE
IN HER MOUTH...

THEN TIED HER SPREAD-
EAGLE TO THE BED, NAKED.



4

5

I NOTICED THE ELEVATOR GOING UP TO THE THIRD FLOOR.

I TOOK THE STAIRS AND GOT TO THE 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY. JUST WHEN SHE WAS TURNING THE KEY IN THE LOCK.

SHE GLANCED UP AT ME ONLY WHEN I PUSHED HER INTO THE APARTMENT.

FOR AWHILE I WATCHED HER MOVE ON THE BED, EYES WILD... SHE WAS PRETTY SEXY LIKE THAT, I GOTTA ADMIT.

THEN I POCKETED THE SMOKE & SPIT.

SHE CAME AROUND & STARTED TO SQUIRM JUST AS I SPOTTED THE PACK OF MARLBOROS ON THE NIGHTSTAND.

I WAS QUITE AWAYS DOWN THE STREET WHEN I DECIDED TO HAVE ANOTHER CIG.

GOT ONE OUT & SEARCHED MY POCKETS IN VAIN FOR THE MATCHES.

I BROKE THE SEAL, TAPPED ONE OUT, LIT IT, & WIPED THE SWEAT OFF MY BROW.

SHOULD I GO BACK & GET 'EM?

NAW, IM TRYIN TO QUIT.

©1984 ART THE PIZZ STORY: JOHN E.
CROSS COUNTRY COMIX PUBS.

YOU SMELL BLOOD

LIKE



STORY: JOHN E. ©84
ART & LETTERS:
JAMES WALTMAN ©84

RED CAME UP FROM
THE GARAGE AND...

WALKED INTO THE
KITCHEN WHEN HE HEARD
A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

WHO IN THE HELL
... AT THIS HOUR?







I WAS WALKING BY, AND
SAW THE LIGHTS ON, AND,
WELL... WHERE'S
BRENDA? IN BED?

NO! SHE'S
VISITING HER
MOTHER IN GREAT
BEND!



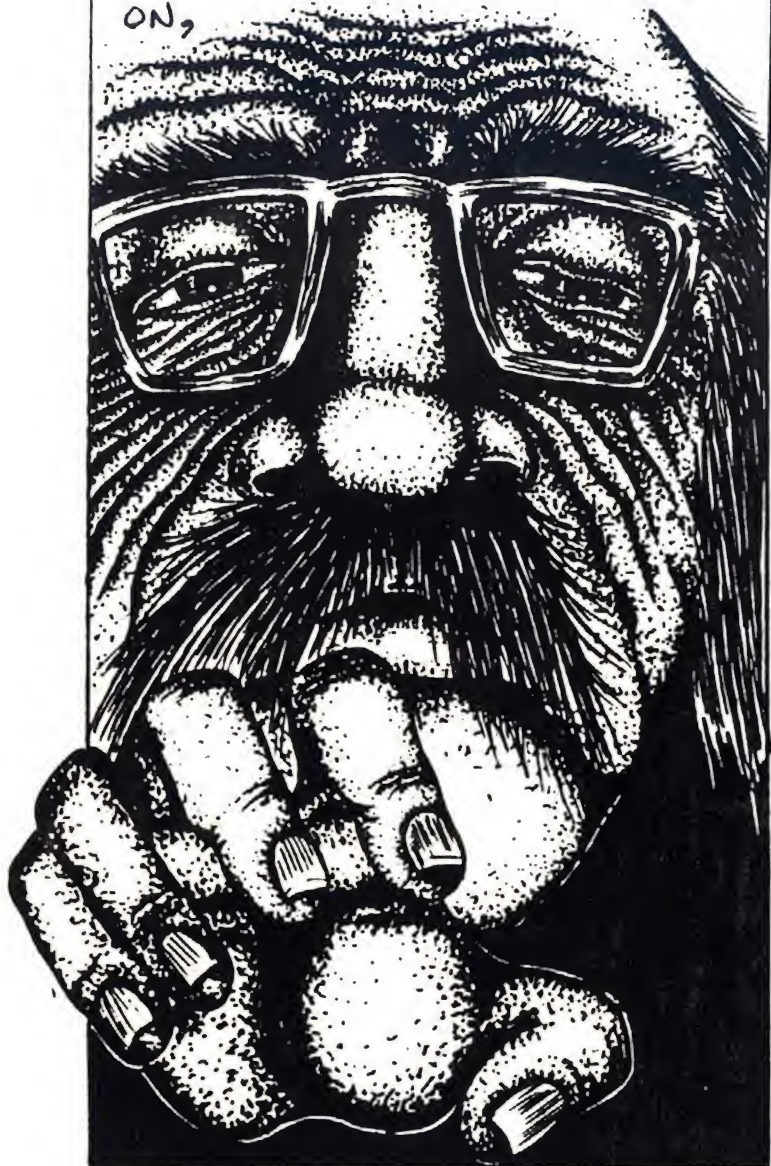
THE HELL YOU
SAY!



WHY SHE JUST CALLED ME THIS AFTERNOON ABOUT
A LEAKY FAUCET IN THE KITCHEN.

DAMN, WHAT'S THAT ODOR?
KINDA FAINT, BUT **STRONG**
TOO!

H HE PICKED UP THE TOWEL
RED HAD WIPED HIS HANDS
ON,



AND SNIFFED IT...

HMMN... DAMP TOO...
YOU JUST USE THIS?

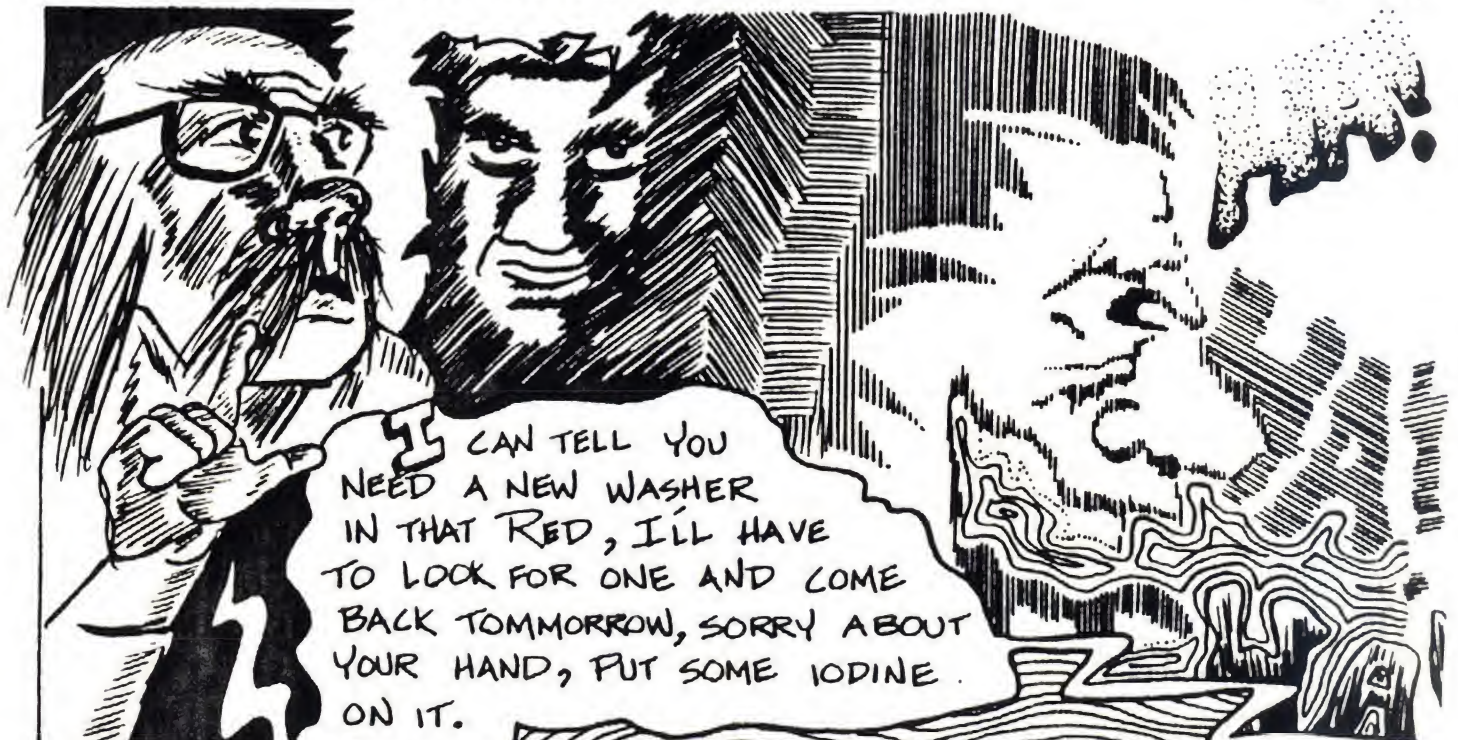
UH, YEAH...



W WELL, SHIT, SON... CUT
YOURSELF ON SOMETHIN'?

**YOU SMELL
LIKE BLOOD!**





THE SUPER LEFT AND RED TOOK OFF HIS CLOTHES, TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS AND WENT TO BED. **I**N THAT PLACE BETWEEN AWAKE AND ASLEEP, A PHRASE KEPT ROLLING OVER



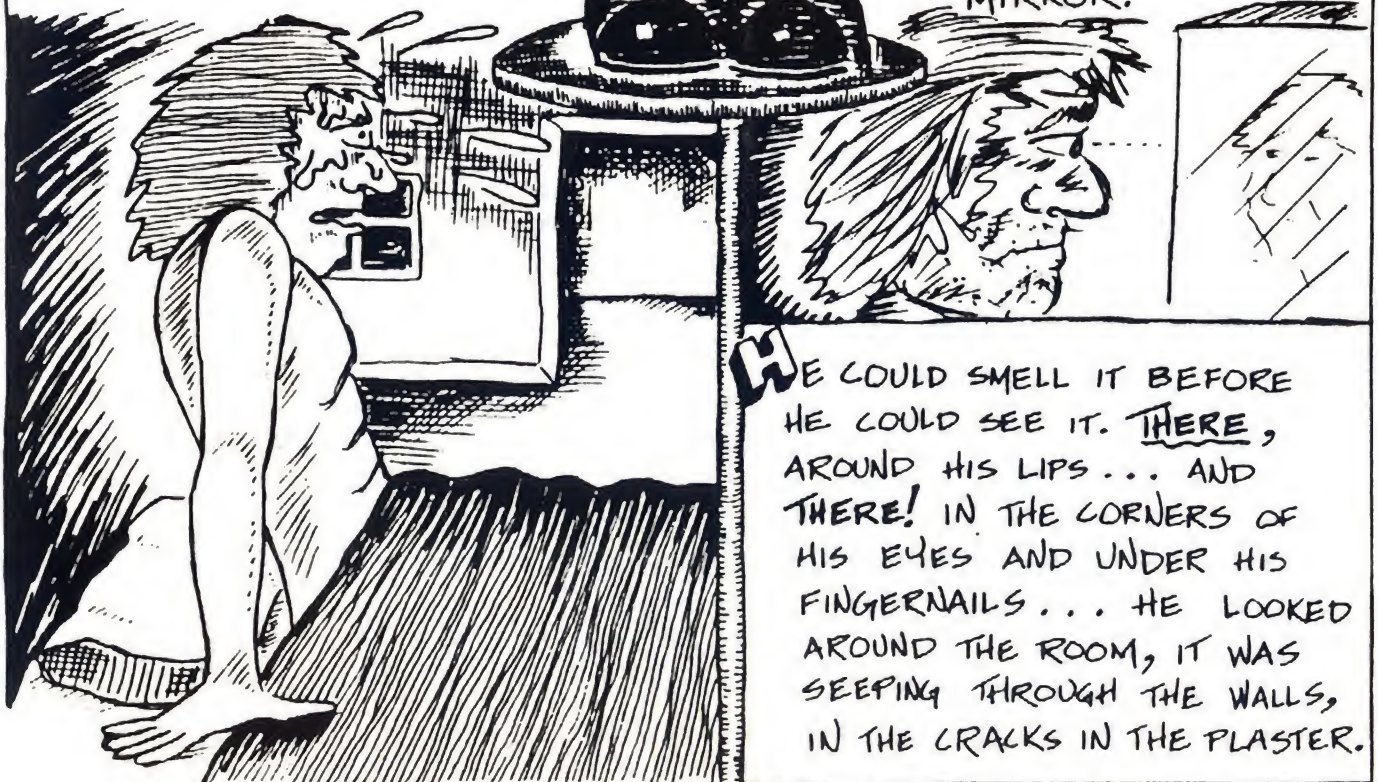
IN HIS HEAD, SOMETHING THE BUILDING SUPER HAD SAID: "YOU SMELL LIKE BLOOD." "YOU SMELL LIKE BLOOD."

RED DRIFTED OFF TO SLEEP... IN HIS DREAMS, FACES KEPT POPPING UP SAYING THE SAME THING, AGAIN AND AGAIN:



RED WOKE UP SUDDENLY, COVERED IN... SWEAT, HIS BREATH CAME FAST AND SHORT.

HE BOLTED TO THE BATHROOM, TURNED ON THE LIGHT, AND LOOKED IN THE MIRROR.



HE COULD SMELL IT BEFORE HE COULD SEE IT. THERE, AROUND HIS LIPS... AND THERE! IN THE CORNERS OF HIS EYES AND UNDER HIS FINGERNAILS... HE LOOKED AROUND THE ROOM, IT WAS SEEPING THROUGH THE WALLS, IN THE CRACKS IN THE PLASTER.

H HE RAN AROUND HIS APARTMENT, IT WAS IN EVERY ROOM, COMING DOWN THE WALLS, DRIPPING OFF THE CEILINGS, AND ALL OVER HIM BY NOW.

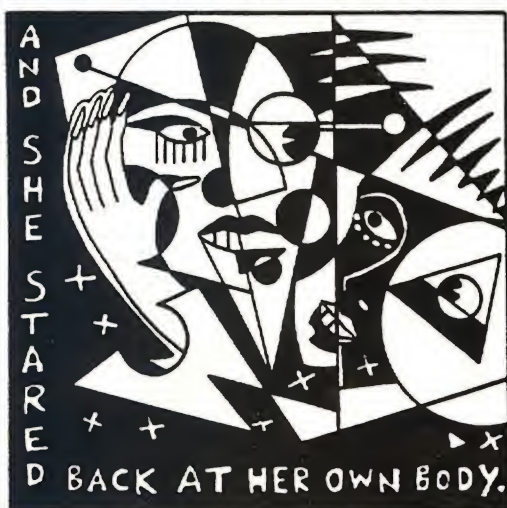
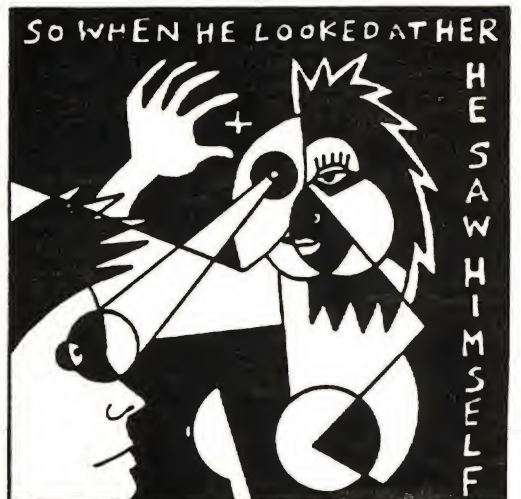
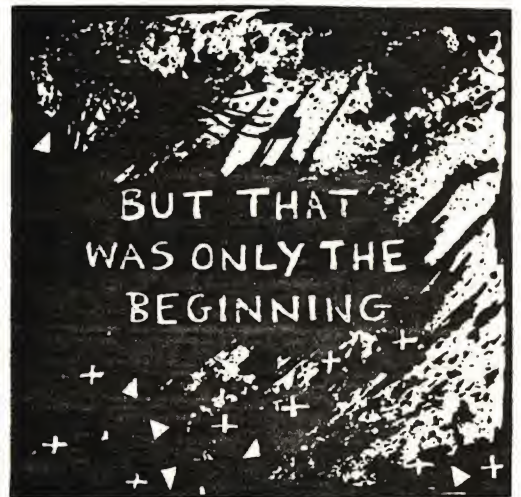
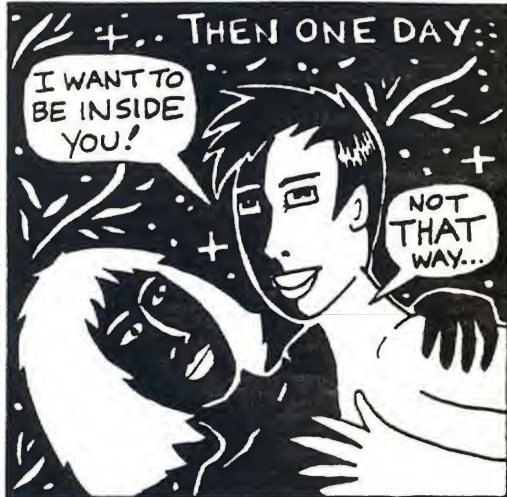
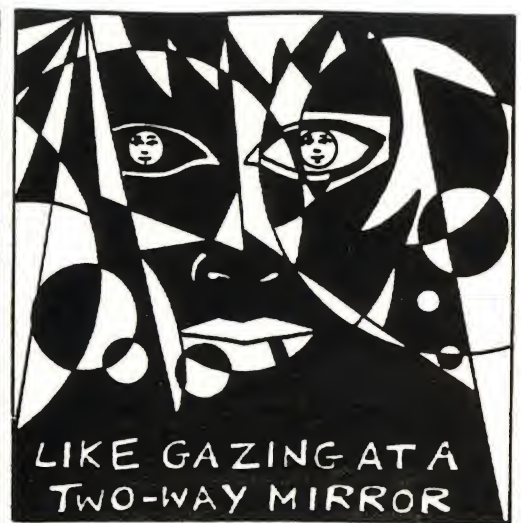
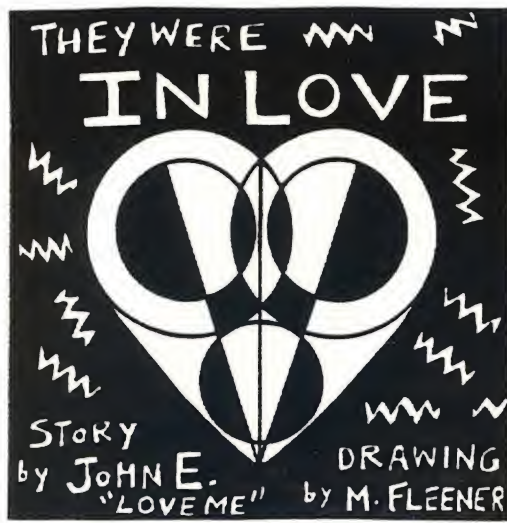


H HE GRABBED THE SLIPPERY PHONE AND DIALED WITH ONE SHAKEY, CRIMSON FINGER...



H HELLO, POLKE? I KNOW YOU CAN SMELL IT. IT'S EVERYWHERE. I KILLED HER, SHE'S BURIED IN THE PARK BY THE FOUNTAIN. YES. FRESH FLOWER BED. DISMEMBERED. ALL THE WAY AROUND THE FOUNTAIN, WHO? HA HA HA HA HA! WHY, MY WIFE OF COURSE. BLOOD, BLOOD EVERYWHERE! CAN'T YOU SMELL IT?







STORY: John E.
 IMAGES: [signature]

THE ROAR. THIS IS THE ROAR. COMING IN ON
 ALL SIDES FROM AETHER DOWN TO THE LOCKER ROOM.



IT IS THE ROAR OF ALL STORMS PRESENT, THE
 ROAR OF HURRICANES AND CYCLONES.



THE DRONE OF BELLS IN HELL.



NO ONE KNOWS HOW BLUE THE SKY IS THIS MORNING,



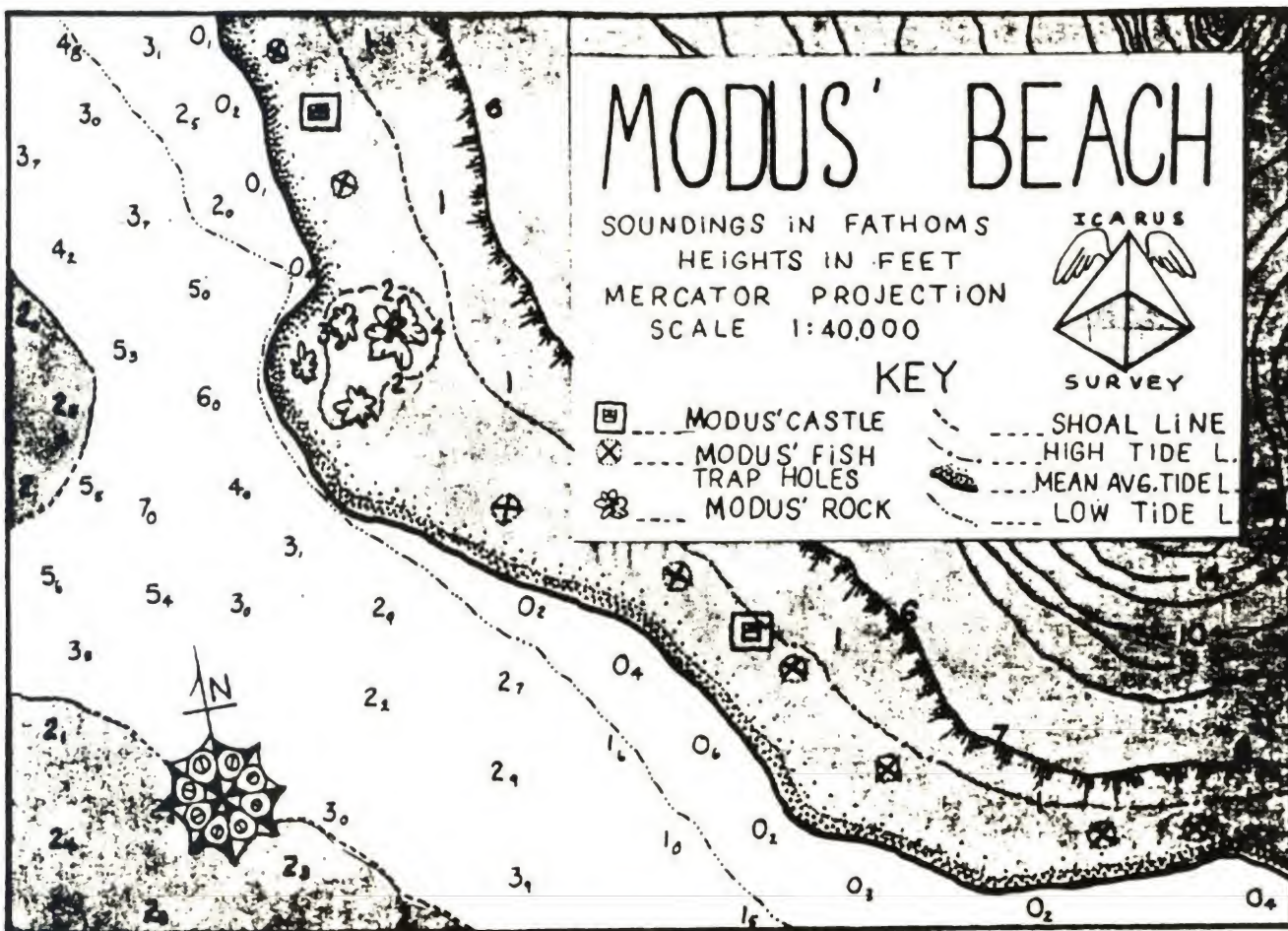
HOW GREEN IT MAKES
THE WATER SEEM.



NO ONE KNOWS THAT
OLD MODUS IS NOT DEAD.



WET NEAR THE EDGE.



MODUS HAS DONE THIS MANY TIMES.



SMACKS BLISTERED LIPS...WIND AND THE ROAR.

Tide Tables:

Time of tides shown is Eastern Standard Time. Add one hour for Daylight Savings Time. AM time is shown by an A after the time. No letter after the time indicates PM time.

DATE	JANUARY		FEBRUARY		MARCH		APRIL		MAY		JUNE		JULY		AUGUST		SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW
1	5.5AA	11.5AA	5.5AA	12.10	6.1AA	11.5AA	6.1AA	11.5AA	6.1AA	11.5AA	6.1AA	11.5AA	6.1AA	11.5AA	6.1AA	11.5AA	6.1AA	11.5AA	6.1AA	11.5AA	6.1AA	11.5AA	6.1AA	11.5AA
2	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
3	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
4	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
5	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
6	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
7	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
8	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
9	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
10	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
11	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
12	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
13	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
14	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
15	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
16	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
17	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
18	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
19	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
20	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
21	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
22	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
23	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
24	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
25	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
26	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
27	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
28	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
29	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
30	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA
31	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA	6.1AA	12.1AA



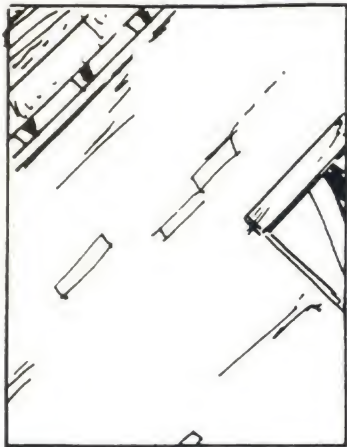
IN A WHILE HE EATS...



... AS MANY
AS HE CAN.

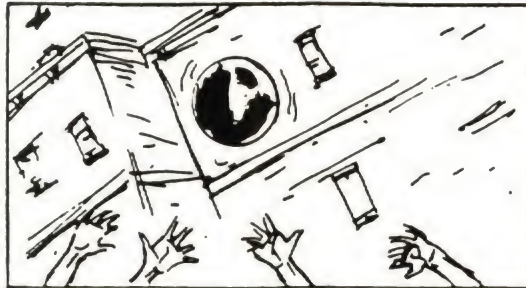
THE BLOOD BATH

STORY- JOHN E
ART- GEORGE VELEZ



Now I sit around an
apartment all day...

too frightened to go
out, looking out the
grimy window how
then...

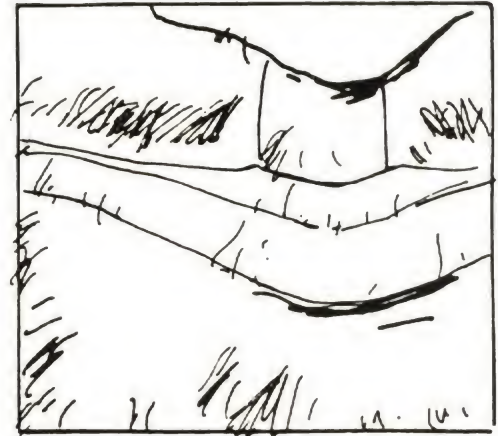


listening to neighborhood
dogs bark & children play.

Once in awhile I cut myself —

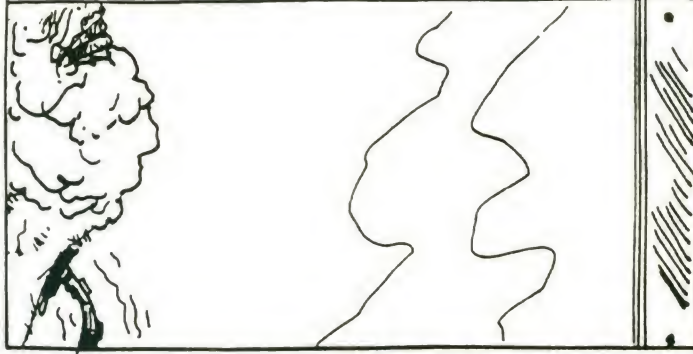
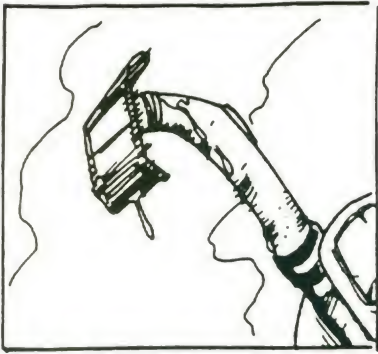


almost on purpose —



just to see if it's still in there.

Maybe while I'm shaving — cut my throat —



stand here staring
at the bloody
reflection



too fascinated
to move,

but then I do...



wrapping a towel around
my neck for a tourniquet,

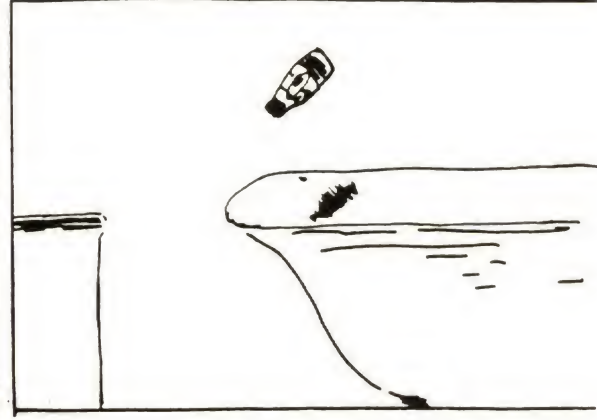


shuffling off to sit &
watch television

while my face blooms out
red.

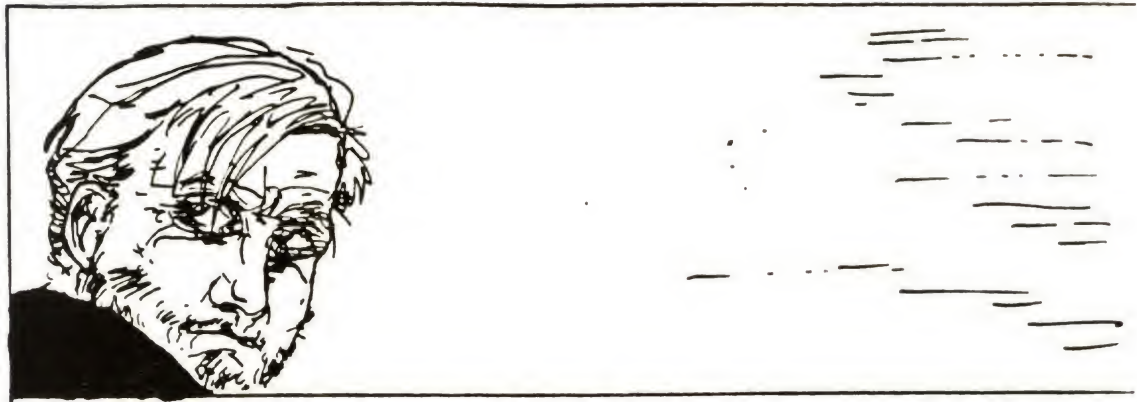


One night I got really drunk & kept tossing empty beer bottles
at the wastebasket by the bathtub.



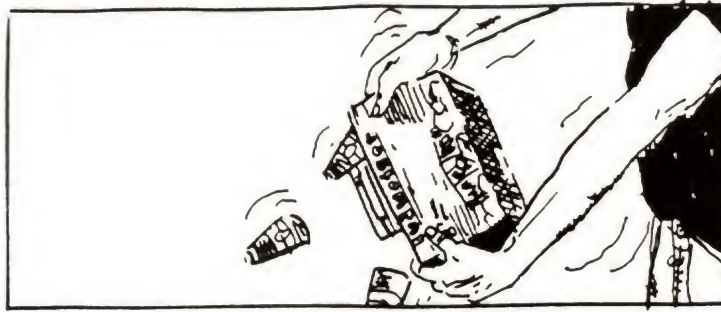
but I missed every time, sending them hurling into the tub
where they exploded & broke.

When I got up to take a piss I'd notice the brown shards catching light against the white porcelain,

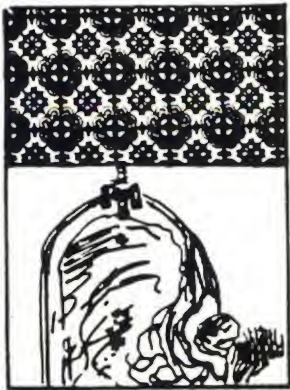
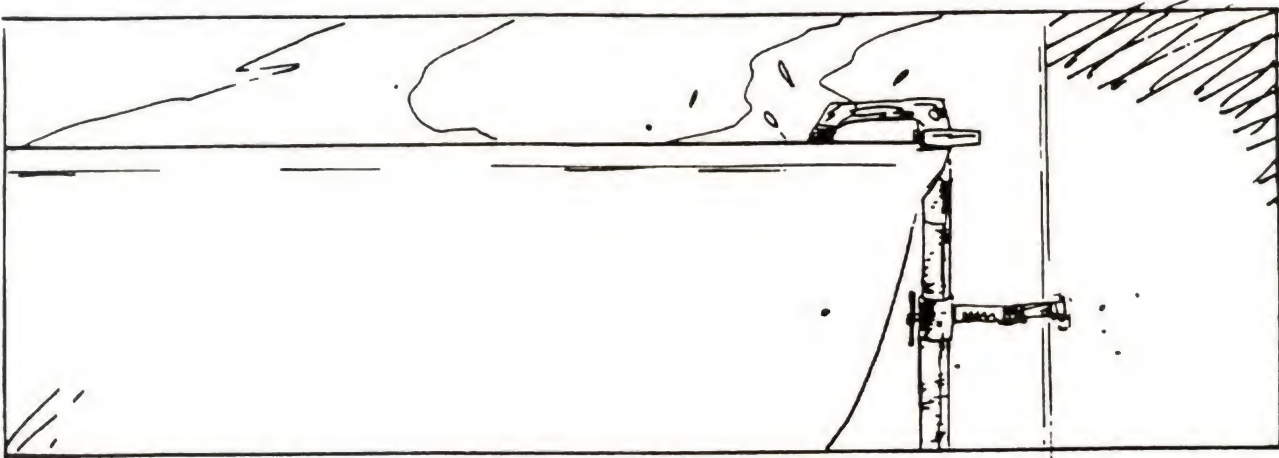


my gaze wandering vacantly across the jagged curves & sharp points.



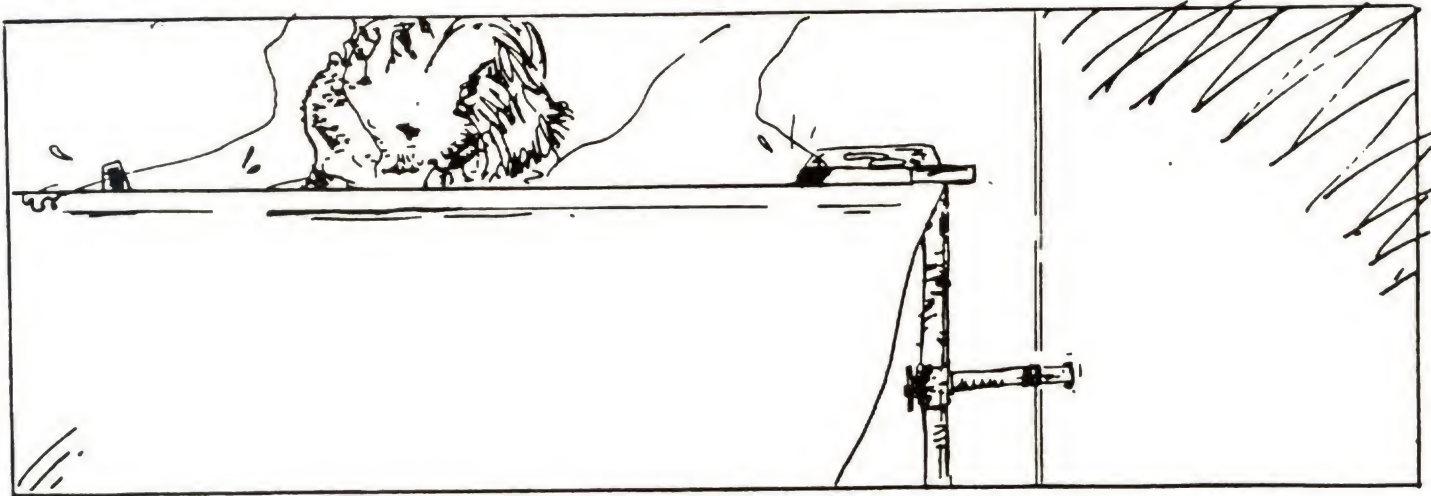


After I'd chucked about a case in there, I ran the water slow & hot, almost to the top.



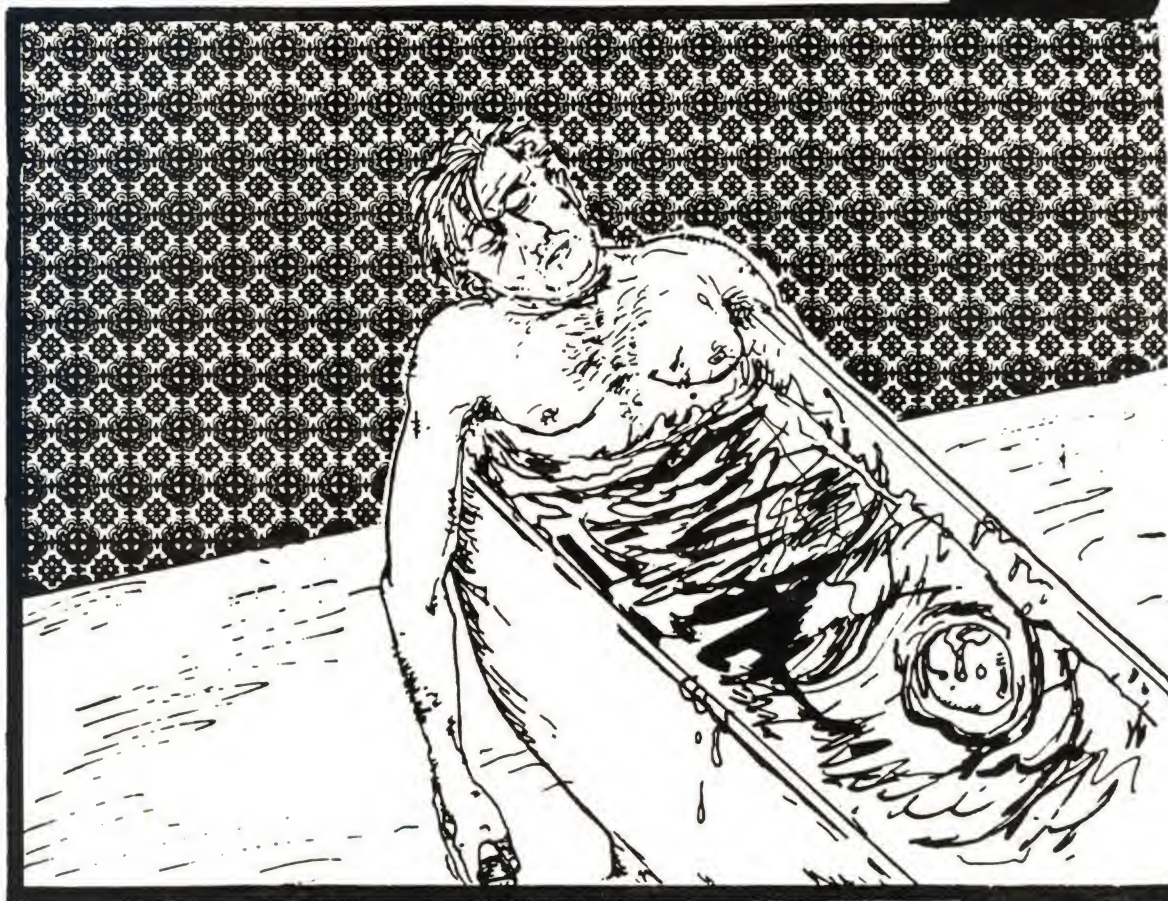
Naked, I popped the top off another bottle & lay down upon the broken glass

moving a bit in the water underneath me.



I fell asleep, woke up swimming in my own blood.

That worked out so well I ended up taking the waste basket out of the bathroom along with me, pitching my empties in there on purpose.



I seem to be spending more time in the tub these days... watching my life go down the drain.



LOADED

ART: MARY FLEENER STORY: JOHN EBERLY © 1988

BENJI HAD A FACE
FULL OF ANGEL DUST
AND A LOADED .38

HE WEAVED OUT INTO THE STREET
AND LOOKED UP AT THE APARTMENT
BUILDING WINDOWS

THEY WERE
ORANGE
SQUARES

THAT
FADED
UPWARD

IN
PINPOINTS

AND
SUDDENLY
BECAME

STARS

Anyway,
BENJI COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE





SO HE TRIED TO FOCUS IN ON THE LARGER SQUARES CLOSER TO THE GROUND

WALTER AND MARY HAD JUST FINISHED MAKING LOVE

HE'D BEEN HAVING SOME TROUBLE IN BED LATELY AND DIDN'T EXACTLY FEEL LIKE HE WAS LOSING HIS VIRILITY BUT WHATEVER WAS HAPPENING WAS MAKING HIM LOSE SLEEP

WALTER MOVED TOWARDS THE WINDOW

THE LIGHT BEHIND HIM MADE A SILHOUETTE

BENJI THOUGHT HE WAS IN AN ARCADE

WHEN THE SHADOW POPPED UP.

HE BROUGHT IT DOWN WITH

ONE SHOT

